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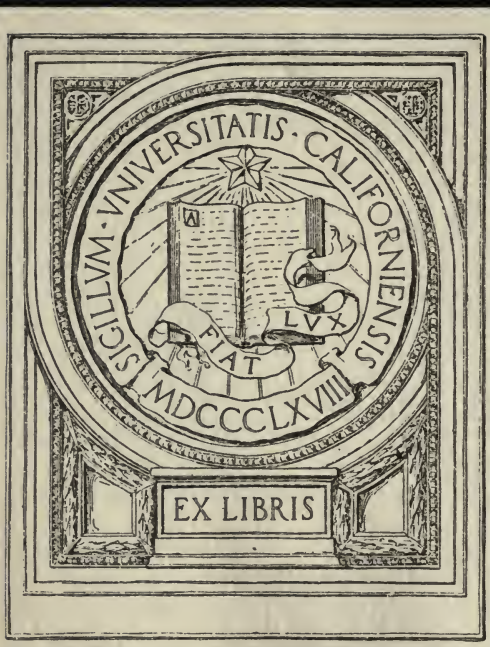
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The Choir Rehearsal

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

CLARE KUMMER

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Price Fifty Cents

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UNIV. OF
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The CHOIR REHEARSAL

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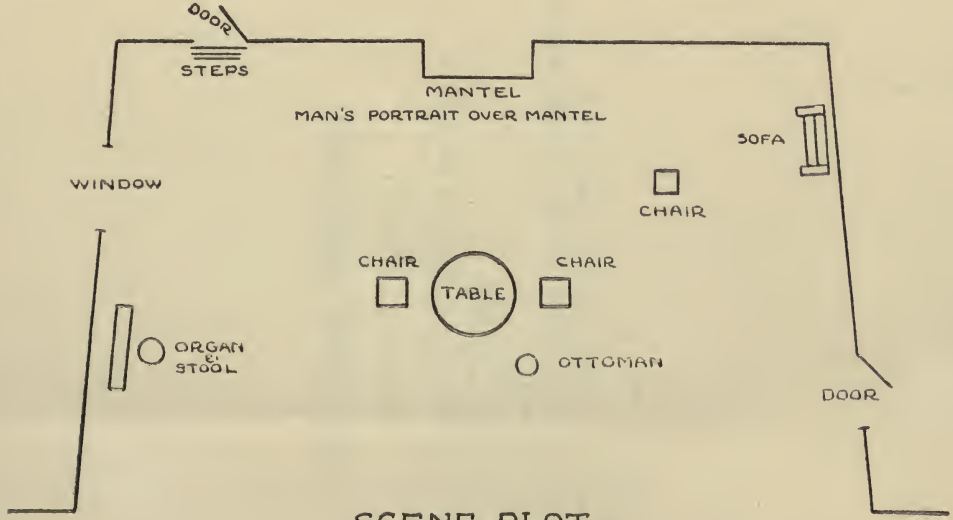

SCENE PLOT
FOR
"THE CHOIR REHEARSAL"

533177

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

THE CHOIR REHEARSAL

PROPERTY PLOT

Candle for ESMERALDA to bring on lighted.
Two candlesticks on mantle.
Hymn book on organ.
Beads for ESMERALDA.
The song, "A Wonderful Thing," is published by Jerome H. Remick & Co., New York.
Pitch pipe.
Cuckoo clock in wall L.U.

Originally produced at the Palace Theatre, New York, Feb. 19, 1917, with the following cast:

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

WILLIAM, *who plays the organ*....JOHN F. RYAN
ENOCH, *who sings tenor*.....AL. STEWART
AMOS, *who sings bass*.....JOHN KEEFE
ABIGAIL, *a neighbor*.....MAY ELLISON
ALAN WYLIE, *the new Minister*.....JOHN HOGAN
ESMERALDA, *who had to be prayed for*—
SALLIE FISHER

The Stage of the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, set for "THE CHOIR REHEARSAL" *See Page* 5

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

The CHOIR REHEARSAL

SCENE: *The living-room of* ESMERALDA'S *house in Tuckertown.*

Eight o'clock on a Spring evening long ago. The room indicates that the family is well-to-do, containing a parlor organ and the marble-topped table and horsehair furniture of that period.

Door with two steps up stage R. *Door into entry,* L.2E. *A window* R., *through which the moonlight is shining. Except for this there is no light in the room.*

On rise, cuckoo clock is striking eight. Outer door is heard to close and WILLIAM'S *voice off* L.

WILLIAM. Anybody home? *(He enters, crosses briskly to organ and, sitting down, begins to play. After the first few chords, he sings cheerfully)*

"Life is the time to serve the Lord;
The time to insure the great reward
For while the light holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

(ESMERALDA *opens door* R.U., *looks into the room. She carries a light and on perceiving* WILLIAM *comes down steps, closing door after her.)*

ESMERALDA. Why, William——

WILLIAM. *(Stops playing)* I thought that'd bring someone.

ESMERALDA. It's after eight o'clock and father's gone to bed.

WILLIAM. Well, I don't want to see him—I want to ask you somethin', Esmeraldy. *(Rising, goes to her.)*

ESMERALDA. Don't, William—it's no use.

WILLIAM. Oh, not that—I ain't goin' to ask you that again—so soon, anyhow.

ESMERALDA. Well, then, what is it? *(Lights candelabra on mantel.)*

WILLIAM. The organ over to the Hoopers' has broke down, an' they want to come over here for choir rehearsal.

ESMERALDA. Oh—just the very idea of it fills me with the most wicked, sinful thoughts.

WILLIAM. An' hearin' 'em 'll fill you with more. Oh, it's awful since you left, Esmeraldy! Tabitha Hole's voice gets worse every Sunday.

ESMERALDA. Worse! How can it?

WILLIAM. Well, it does.

ESMERALDA. Oh, I suppose I'll have to say yes. It would be too un-christian not to let them practice. I know they need it. Yes—let them come. I can go for a walk up the street. I wanted to, anyway. There's such a lovely moon to-night.

WILLIAM. Is there? Maybe I can go with you.

ESMERALDA. You couldn't—who'd play the organ?

WILLIAM. Oh, let old Miss Hooper play with one foot and sing with the other.

ESMERALDA. Anyway—I'd rather walk alone.

WILLIAM. Just since the Rev'rend Hiram Hallowell went away.

ESMERALDA. Yes—just since he went away.

WILLIAM. Was you sweet on him, Esmeraldy?

ESMERALDA. Perhaps. Everybody said I was.

WILLIAM. Why, he wasn't hardly any better lookin' than I am.

ESMERALDA. No—but you didn't notice it with him. How beautifully he could talk. Why, you couldn't understand him at all!

WILLIAM. The new one can talk just as good.

ESMERALDA. *(Faintly interested)* Can he?

WILLIAM. An' his hair ain't red. My sister's just crazy about him.

ESMERALDA. *(Sadly)* Is she? How happy they must be.

WILLIAM. Yes—she is. He don't know about it yet.

(Tinkle of doorbell.)

ESMERALDA. *(Starting to door* R.U.*)* Let them in, William——

WILLIAM. They ain't comin' till I let 'em know if you're willin'—must be someone else.

*(*ESMERALDA *pauses, her hand on the doorknob.*
WILLIAM *goes out into entry. Sound of door.)*

ALAN. *(Voice off)* Why, good evening, William.

WILLIAM. Evening, Parson. *(Re-enter* WILLIAM—*to* ESMERALDA*)* It's Mr. Wylie, the new minister. I'll go an' tell 'em they can come.

(Exit WILLIAM *as* ALAN *enters.* ESMERALDA *comes down.)*

ALAN. I hope you don't mind my calling—it's

such a lovely night out—I thought I'd just come in.

ESMERALDA. Oh, I'm so sorry——

ALAN. Are you?

ESMERALDA. Did you want to see my father?

ALAN. Well—I—is your father in?

ESMERALDA. Why, yes, he is. He's in bed. Did you want to see him about anything important?

ALAN. Well, no—well—yes—his soul.

ESMERALDA. Oh, well, maybe that could wait till to-morrow.

ALAN. Your father doesn't come to church——

ESMERALDA. Well, you see—he's been to church so much. He counted it all up one Sunday. It was over eight thousand times with prayer meeting—and he just said, "If that isn't enough, it's no use."

ALAN. But *you* don't come to church.

ESMERALDA. No—I don't.

ALAN. It's very discouraging! May I sit down?

ESMERALDA. Please do. *(With a little curtsey* ALAN *sits* L. *of table.* ESMERALDA *sits* R. *of table.)*

ALAN. I've always wanted to come into this house.

ESMERALDA. Have you? Why?

ALAN. Why, it's the oldest house in Tuckertown, isn't it?

ESMERALDA. Yes. It was built by my great grandfather, Ephraim Tucker. He settled Tuckertown. I wish he hadn't. That's his picture there over the mantel. *(Turning to look at picture.)*

ALAN. Is it? Why, he looks just like my great grandfather.

ESMERALDA. Does he? I think all great grandfathers look alike, don't you? But you were saying, "It's very discouraging."

ALAN. Was I? Oh, yes, of course it is. This is such a little parish—everyone in it would only make a small congregation—but they don't come to

church—they don't seem to care where they go, after this life. Don't you care?

ESMERALDA. No—all I want is just to leave Tuckertown.

ALAN. But after you leave Tuckertown, you want to go to heaven, don't you?

ESMERALDA. I'd rather go to Duxbury. I want to live a little before I go to heaven. *(*ESMERALDA *rises, goes and sits on ottoman near* ALAN.*)*

ALAN. Duxbury—that's where the Rev. Hiram Hallowell went.

ESMERALDA. Yes—oh, it's a wonderful place. I have a picture of the railroad station, and the Town Hall. They hold the Country Fair there and once they gave a ball—for the man who was nearly elected Governor. These beads came from there—— *(Holding out coral chain round her neck.)*

ALAN. Did they? They're very pretty—but we must forget the things of this world—all is vanity.

ESMERALDA. Yes, that's what the Reverend Hiram Hallowell used to say.

ALAN. *He* was very successful here.

ESMERALDA. Yes—he got away.

ALAN. I'm a failure. I knew it last Sunday. I sat up all night working on my sermon. I painted the picture of the afterlife for sinners. I tried to make them see the flames and the smoke, but in the morning my congregation sat unmoved.

ESMERALDA. It's been such a long, hard winter —and these old houses are so cold I suppose the flames sounded sort of warm and pleasant.

ALAN. You used to come to church, when the Reverend Hiram Hallowell was here.

ESMERALDA. Yes—I did——

ALAN. I suppose you've heard how bad my sermons are.

ESMERALDA. Yes, but that's not the reason I don't come to church.

ALAN. Isn't it?

ESMERALDA. No—I wouldn't care if there wasn't any sermon.

ALAN. No—I don't suppose anyone would.

ESMERALDA. It was the singing I loved so.

ALAN. *(Surprised)* Did you? I'll confess that it takes all my strength of character to realize the grace of our Lord when Sister Tabitha Hole starts the Doxology.

ESMERALDA. I sang in her place—yes—but I was dismissed—and reproved by the Elders. I did a dreadful thing—yes, they all had to pray for me—it was terrible. That's why I don't come to church. I had to be prayed for.

(Sound of door off. ESMERALDA *exits hastily* R.U. *Closes door after her.* ALAN *follows a few steps, stands looking at door. Enter* WILLIAM. *He goes direct to organ.)*

WILLIAM. Well, they're on the way—the folks are coming over for Choir Rehearsal.

ALAN. *(Disturbed, hesitating)* Are they? Sister Esmeralda has been telling me she used to sing in the choir.

WILLIAM. Yes—they used to come to church just to hear her sing.

ALAN. *(Comes down* C.*)* Oh, that was why they came. Well—er—tell me, why isn't she singing now?

WILLIAM. Why, she sang a song in church one Sunday morning—a regular song with a tune and everything—she was dismissed—and reproved by the Elders for doing it.

ALAN. Oh, that's what she did—poor child—that's why she had to be prayed for. What was the song?

WILLIAM. It went something like this——
(Plays refrain of "A Wonderful Thing.")

ALAN. Why, that sounds like a hymn.

WILLIAM. Yes, it does—but it's not in the book. Old Tabitha Hole made all the trouble. She wanted to sing in Esmeraldy's place. She says you can dance to this tune.

ALAN. I wonder if you can—— *(He takes a few furtive steps.)*

WILLIAM. You can dance to any tune if you want to.

(ESMERALDA *enters in cape and bonnet* R.U. *Sees* ALAN *dancing. He stops suddenly.)*

ALAN. I was just seeing if you could dance to it.

ESMERALDA. And you found you could?

ALAN. You thought it was a hymn, didn't you?

ESMERALDA. I did, didn't I?

ALAN. Well, perhaps it is. Are you going?

ESMERALDA. Yes, I don't want to be here when they come.

ALAN. Wait a moment, please—I want to hear you sing it.

ESMERALDA. My wicked song?

ALAN. Yes—William told me. Sing it.

ESMERALDA. Oh, I couldn't.

WILLIAM. Of course you can.

(ESMERALDA *hesitates a moment. Sings, "A Wonderful Thing." She stands* R. *of* ALAN, *who sits on arm of chair* R. *of table.)*

I

Until to-day this world, to me
Seemed far from what a world should be—

Sometimes I heard its laughter gay
But, oh, it seemed so far away . . .
Until to-day I walked alone—
There was no hand to take my own
Until to-day I dreamed my dreams—
Now they have all come true, it seems.

Refrain

A wonderful thing has come into my life,
A beautiful, wonderful thing.
My heart is a garden that wakens to find
It is Spring, and a thousand birds sing,
The wonder to me is that no one can see,
That the world doesn't pause to look in
When a wonderful thing has come into my life
It's worth all the living to win.

2

If I had known the path to you
I would have flown on wings, it's true.
I would have sung along my way
Nor been so weary every day—
Out of the shadow shines the sun,
After the rain the flowers come
And to the heart that waits alone,
Comes everything a heart can own.

ALAN. *(Who has listened intently, rises, goes to her)* Why, it's beautiful and so far I see nothing that is not in accord with the Scriptures. The Wonderful Thing!—Why, we all know what that is. It is—Religion. The happiness is the joy of a contrite heart—and the hand referred to—*(He is about to put his hand on hers, but does not)*—is the hand of the Lord, of course. Now, the third and fourth verses——

ESMERALDA. But there aren't any more—and hymns always have nine or ten—don't they?

ALAN. Oh, well, perhaps they were left out for some very good reason—after all, it's very satisfying as it is.

WILLIAM. I think it's a good hymn. It's got more sense than a lot of them.

ALAN. Quite right, William. I want it sung and I want you to sing it—I shall take it up with the Elders.

ESMERALDA. When?

ALAN. Now.

ESMERALDA. Oh, please don't—I don't want *you* to go away, too.

ALAN. Don't you? *(Bell.)*

ESMERALDA. No.

WILLIAM. There they be.

(Enter ABIGAIL, AMOS *and* ENOCH.*)*

ABIGAIL. Good evenin', Esmeraldy—well, here's Parson Wylie.

AMOS. How be, Esmeraldy—evenin', Parson.

ABIGAIL. Was you goin' out?

AMOS. Why, you've got to stay and sing first sopranny, Esmeraldy—Tabitha Hole's got a cold and two yards of red flannel wrapped round her throat.

ABIGAIL. *(Sniffing)* Oh well, if she's walkin' out with the minister——

ESMERALDA. I'm not—I never thought of such a thing. I—I've just come in—and he's just going. Aren't you? *(To* ALAN.*)*

ALAN. *(Disappointed)* Yes—yes—I must begin my Sunday's sermon to-night.

WILLIAM. It's goin' to be a long one.

ALAN. *(To* ESMERALDA*)* Good night——

ESMERALDA. *(Following him to door* L.*)* Good night.

ABIGAIL. She's startin' on him just the way she did on Parson Hallowell.

WILLIAM. Come on—I got to be home by ten.

AMOS. Here, Abby—you set down here. *(Standing behind chair* R. *of table)* Well, what's to sing at prayer meeting? *(Taking chair.)*

ABIGAIL. I thought as sister Mordecai's boy has turned from grace and gone to the haunts of sin, it would be very comforting to her if we was to sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night."

ENOCH. A lovely thought, Abby. They do say as how he took ten dollars out of his father's cash drawer, and went to New York. You know the temptations for a boy in New York City—with money.

ESMERALDA. *(Comes back, overhears)* New York City—how do you go there?

AMOS. Well, you take the stagecoach to Duxbury to start with—— *(They look at one another.)*

ABIGAIL. You thinkin' of goin'?

ESMERALDA. It would be too wonderful.

ENOCH. Too wonderful to go to perdition?

ABIGAIL. Come, Enoch—give us the note. *(Rising. They gather about the organ.* ENOCH *trys to get note with pitch pipe.)*

AMOS. Stop it, stop it—you start it for us, Esmeraldy.

("Where Is My Wand'ring Boy." They sing the hymn through. After hymn.)

WILLIAM. Now, shall we gather at the river?

ESMERALDA. I hope not—— *(*ABIGAIL *returns to chair* R. *of table.* ESMERALDA *sits* L. *of table.* ENOCH *brings chair down and sits* L. *of* ESMERALDA.*)*

AMOS. It sounds good to hear ye again, Esmeraldy. *(To the rest)* Don't it?

THE CHOIR REHEARSAL

ABIGAIL. Yes. If Esmeraldy'd only had her mind on serious things, she'd be singing now in the choir. But she had her mind on Hiram Hallowell.

ESMERALDA. Well, he was very serious.

AMOS. Sister Tabitha Hole says you was led astray by gewgaws and flummeries, Esmeraldy——

ESMERALDA. What do you mean?

ABIGAIL. Why, there wa'n't a time the peddler came from Duxbury that he didn't stop here and sell to you, Esmeraldy.

ESMERALDA. Well, what of that?

AMOS. And she said you powdered your face—I don't know.

ESMERALDA. What's wrong in that? Do you think it makes you good to have a shiny nose? Yes, I did buy powder—and soap.

ABIGAIL. Scented soap.

AMOS. Well, if the Lord had intended us to be scented, he'd a made us so——

ESMERALDA. Well, at least the Lord invented soap.

ABIGAIL. Why, Esmeraldy! She's blasphemin', Amos!

AMOS. Oh, let her—— You don't know what blasphemin' is. It's like old times to hear her sing again, ain't it, Enoch?

ENOCH. 'Tis so, an' I was just thinkin' maybe Tabitha's voice won't get better—we can only hope for the best. If it don't, and Esmeraldy was to ask Elder Dogberry for forgiveness——

ABIGAIL. She'd have to ask higher than Elder Dogberry for forgiveness.

ESMERALDA. But I don't want to be forgiven.

ABIGAIL. *(Shocked, turning to* AMOS*)* Why, Amos, she's unregenerate.

ENOCH. Why don't you want to be forgiven,—dear?

ESMERALDA. Because I loved the song. I thought it sounded just beautiful that Sunday morning—and so did the Reverend Hiram Hallowell.

ABIGAIL. Don't bring him in. He wa'n't to blame. 'Twa'n't him you cared for. 'Twas the gay life of Duxbury—the goin's on and doin's!

ESMERALDA. Yes, that's true. I did long for the life and music. I did long for the lights of Duxbury.

ENOCH. Did, eh? And did you *love* Hiram Hallowell, Esmeraldy?

ESMERALDA. No, I didn't. But I'd have gone away with him if he'd asked me.

ABIGAIL. Gone with him—and not lovin' him?

AMOS. *(Solemnly)* Marriage without love is a cracklin' thorn an' a pitfall in the wilderness, Esmeraldy.

ABIGAIL. Do you mean to say you'd go to Duxbury with anybody that asked you to?

ESMERALDA. Yes, I do.

ENOCH. *(Leaning toward her eagerly)* I've an uncle there in the shoe business—he's just crazy to have me to go in with him.

ABIGAIL. It's bad enough to marry a man lovin' him—but not lovin' him, it's a deadly sin, ain't it, Amos?

AMOS. I don't know, Abby, it's hard on the man either way. What say, Enoch?

ENOCH. All I can say is 'tis if 'tis, and 'tain't if 'tain't.

ABIGAIL. Men ain't natural Christians, that's the trouble—and there's too many of 'em in this town.

(ALAN *enters unobserved* L.)

AMOS. What? I ain't a Christian? Why, I come from a whole line of ministers.

WILLIAM. Well, the minister always boards at our house and I guess if we weren't Christians we couldn't stand it.

ENOCH. Well, if I ain't a Christian, there ain't a Christian in this town!

ESMERALDA. *(Rising and appealing to the portrait)* Oh, great grandfather, why did you ever settle Tuckertown?

ALAN. One moment, please. What has all this to do with the hymns to be sung at prayer meeting?

ABIGAIL. If you want to know the truth, Parson, this daughter has worldly thoughts. She said she'd go to Duxbury with anybody——

AMOS. You want to watch her mighty careful, Parson.

ALAN. I intend to. *(To* WILLIAM*)* Now, William, that hymn you played for me, I want it sung. I want peace here—and love!

ABIGAIL. Love! Tut! Tut!

ALAN. Heaven is what we're striving for—and this is the song of one who has found it.

ABIGAIL. Praise the Lord—if I ain't familiar with it I can read. *(*WILLIAM *begins to play. They gather about the organ, all but* ALAN *and* ESMERALDA, *who are down* C.*)* Can you see, Amos?

AMOS. Oh, I can foller anything.

(They begin to sing, harmonizing, "A Wonderful Thing." "Until to-day this world to me," etc. During the humming of the song ALAN *speaks)*

ALAN. Would you really go to Duxbury with—anybody?

ESMERALDA. Yes—but I'd stay here if anybody wanted me to.

ABIGAIL. *(Shocked, as she recognizes the music)* Why, land sakes—it's the very song.

AMOS. So 'tis—I sensed it from the beginning.

ALAN. *(Turning to them)* Well, why don't you go on?

ABIGAIL. Do you mean to say, Parson, that 'tis really a hymn?

ALAN. Yes, I mean to say it.

AMOS. I don't see why 'tain't. It's got a good bass.

ALAN. I want it sung on Sunday morning—and I want Sister Esmeralda to sing it.

AMOS. Well, you'll have to speak to the Elders about that, Parson.

ALAN. I have.

AMOS. Oh, well, then, that settles it.

(They all bend over the music, rehearsing carefully.)

ESMERALDA. *(Coming down with* ALAN*)* It was splendid of you—splendid. *(Sadly.)*

ALAN. Then why are you so sad?

ESMERALDA. *(Looking at him)* Is the wonderful thing just being good? Is that all there is for us?

ALAN. We'll find out about that in the next world.

ESMERALDA. But we're not in the next world—we're here and it's now—to-night—and that's all we know anything about.

ALAN. *(Looking at her)* I don't feel as if I know anything about that——

ESMERALDA. I'm going to tell you something. I didn't think that song was a hymn—I didn't think the wonderful thing was religion—I thought it was —love.

ALAN. It is. There's no difference—don't you see?

ESMERALDA. *(Understanding, sings happily, join-*

ing in with the rest) "A wonderful thing has come into my life," etc.

CHOIR. *(After refrain)* Amen.

ESMERALDA. *(Above them)* Ah—men!

CURTAIN

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammeled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

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